THE
NATION

OCTOBER 11, 1958 . . 25c

Siege at Little Rock

THE BRAVE ONES

Dan Wakefield

The de Gaulle Mystique

ANATOMY OF A BALLOT

Alexander Werth

The Charles C.
EAST TENNESSEE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

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LETTERS

Schizoid Democrats

Dear Sirs: Mr. Barnard's happiness in predicting a Democratic landslide in the November election (September 13 issue), while pleasantly sanguine, struck me as politically naive. Though I would like to share his hope that a strong Democratic majority in Congress would result in a renascence of liberalism, I cannot believe that such a happy event will occur. For if the Republican Party is a sectional party, the Democratic Party is schizoid.

Such a statement as "It will certainly be a boon to have Mr. Hogan as Senator from New York instead of Mr. Keating, even if Mr. Hogan is more of a regular party man than a liberal" serves to point out what is to me a major and destructive weakness in the Democratic Party. For I believe that the Democrats are united not by loyalty to a party philosophy, but by fear—fear, in this case, of remaining out of power. And I cannot support the philosophy that any Democrat is better than any Republican, especially since a Democratic majority hands crucial committee chairmanships to Southern Democrats who, though they may bear the label, are not *my* Democrats.

Liberalism does not just happen. It will result, if at all, from liberal candidates (from either party) honestly discussing basic issues and presenting forceful solutions. Merely to go to the polls and vote a straight Democratic ticket in the hope that some liberal candidates will be elected is rather like casting bread upon the water—some pieces may float, but many will sink.

JOANNE LAFLER

Berkeley, Calif.

Faubus and China

Dear Sirs: America's attitude toward China is precisely that of the Governor Faubus type of Southerner toward the Negro: we can function democratically "as if" they aren't there. The Negro can go back to Africa and the Chinese can go back to Chiang Kai-shek. Americans, like Southerners, must learn to live with those of different ideas and color without trying to either deny their existence or trying to destroy them for being different. Variety is not only legitimate, but usually highly desirable.

We wonder if the thing that America fears is perhaps herself, rather than communism? She is uneasy with her leadership; she dislikes opposition, especially the kind that is built upon military strength approximating—if not surpassing—her own; she has a sense of guilt because of her backing of dictators and undemocratic regimes in the name of expediency.

The idea of negotiation from strength invalidates the idea of negotiation; gunboat diplomacy is no longer diplomatic; massive retaliation is whistling in the dark. Negativism — anti-communism — is no policy whatever. Establishing moral value judgments on other nations is name-calling in a minor key. The arms race guarantees little other than economic collapse. Defense, like security, has become obsolete terminologically.

R. JAY SHUTE
President, Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice

Monroe, N.C.

Policy Statement

There's an Alsop on the *Tribune*
Who got it in confidence from a General Chiang
On the island of Formosa
After a conference with an Admiral Smoot
Freshly told by a Defense Secretary McElroy
Who heard from the White House
(after the usual nine holes)
As related by a Press Secretary Hagerty
Who had no more to say on it
Than the fact that he was saying no more
Of what the White House
Freshly told the Defense Secretary
What was said to the General
Who gave it in confidence
To that man on the *Tribune*—
Clear?

SID BERNARD

New York City

Senator Clark (D., Pa.)

Dear Sirs: My conscience as a journalist is bothering me. At the time of the last Senatorial elections, *The Nation* sought and published (issue of November 7, 1956) my estimate of newly-elected Senator Joseph S. Clark. It was an almost entirely laudatory piece, based on Clark's superlative record as Mayor of Philadelphia and a creditable campaign.

In his first two years in Washington, however, Joe Clark, I regret to say, has come down with Forrestal's disease. Late last year Clark delivered a speech in Pennsylvania which he devoted to drawing the time-worn "deadly parallel" —the same one Eisenhower was supplied with the other night to give his TV lecture a hard gloss of internal logic: we "appeased" the Nazis and we can't

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1958
VOLUME 187, NUMBER 11

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Courage of the Court

The fact that the twentieth anniversary of Munich — September 29 — was about to be observed probably did not occur to the President when he tried, most ineptly, to apply the "no appeasement" logic to the debate on Quemoy. Nor is it likely that Chief Justice Warren was aware of the fact that the Court's decision in the Little Rock school case was handed down on the very day the anniversary was observed. Nevertheless the decision reflects a keen awareness that certain threats must never be appeased, regardless of the peril.

In the closing days of the 85th Congress, a coalition of Southern Democrats and right-wing Republicans came uncomfortably close to emasculating the Court's power to protect the rights of the citizens against unconstitutional legislative encroachments. The Jenner-Butler bill — to restrict the Court's appellate jurisdiction — was defeated by a narrow margin, 49-41, while HR 3, which, if adopted, would have limited the Court's power to interpret acts of Congress, actually passed the House (241-155) and lost in the Senate by a single vote, 41-40. No issue can be of greater concern to the members of the Court than the necessity of defending the judicial power itself, and it was precisely this power which the Court-curbing measures endangered. Given the narrow margin by which the bills were defeated, the Court might have concluded that now would be a good time to "appease" its Congressional critics; in times past, the Court has not hesitated to stage tactical retreats under Congressional pressure. But faced with this latest and most dangerous challenge, the Court retreated not an inch. On the contrary, the Little Rock decision contains a blistering attack on Southern officials, and therefore by clear implication on the Dixiecrats in Congress who, in disregard of their oath of office, would subvert the Constitution. Not only did the Justices exhibit great courage, but they acted wisely; the Court, we are confident, will be strengthened by their action. Handed down on the anniversary of Munich, the Little Rock decision will stand as a lasting testament to the proposition that the way to meet a challenge to the rule of law is not to whet the appetite of the lawless by appeasement, but to meet the challenge head-on, at the outset.

The Letter Writers

When, in response to a routine request, the Public Correspondence Branch of the State Department revealed that mail in regard to Quemoy was running four to one against the Administration, Vice President Nixon complained that an official in the State Department was trying to sabotage Secretary Dulles' Quemoy policy. This was so silly that even Mr. Dulles was unable to go along with it. The truth is that the mail, and the attendant publicity, could only improve the American position in the Quemoy imbroglio, which was partly, but only partly, of Mr. Dulles' making. Mr. Dulles originally chose to ally himself with the "China Lobby" or right wing of the Republican Party, whose views were reflected in the 1953 State of the Union message unleashing Chiang Kai-shek, and in the 1955 Formosa resolution. Chiang, unleashed, turned out to have no teeth, but the resolution enabled him to transfer a large part of his forces to Quemoy, within easy range of the Communist guns on the mainland.

Mr. Dulles now says this was foolish, but he gave in because of Chiang's insistence. The Secretary's present problem, then, is to free himself from the mistaken policy which enabled Chiang to take away direction of American foreign policy from the State Department, where it belongs, and restore to himself the normal latitude for diplomatic maneuver. The effect of the letters to the State Department could only have been to do just that. They make Chiang realize that his bellicose plans to bomb the mainland are impracticable; simultaneously, they encourage the Chinese Communists to continue negotiating at Warsaw since, popular support being lacking for a tough American policy, Peking can reasonably hope to gain a part of what it wants at the conference table. A further consequence might be that if the Communists displayed some "give," and Mr. Dulles displayed some for his part, he would have a shield to deflect the angry accusations of "appeasement" which will surely be hurled at him by the die-hards if he veers around to a less intransigent policy.

In addition to these services to Mr. Dulles personally, the letter writers have encouraged the Democrats to act as an informed, aroused, outspoken op-

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position, instead of a herd of pusillanimous yes-men. The Secretary should send a scroll of thanks to everyone who urged him to watch his step on Quemoy, and the official who revealed the fact that there are still Americans with minds of their own should receive a promotion to, say, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs.

Modest Proposal

The high schools of Norfolk, Virginia, remain closed, and no one can fail to admire the courage with which the segregationists of that city are sacrificing the education of their children to the high cause of white supremacy. We wonder, though, whether this sacrifice to principle is really necessary, whether a little community generosity and cooperation might not solve the problem of these woeful exiles from algebra, French irregular verbs and the campaigns of Alexander the Great.

The Negro schools are open; will they not consider crowding themselves a little to accommodate the white children locked out of their own premises? This, we realize, is no small thing to ask. Responsible Negroes — so the voice of the Old South is constantly telling us — do not like to associate with white people. But the Negro is traditionally a warm-hearted, open-handed man. It does not seem too much, in this emergency, to ask him to set aside his natural distaste for unpigmented skin and provide a haven for Norfolk's displaced youth. It would be only a temporary discomfort — just until the parents of the white boys and girls found some plausible device for evading the insolent mandate of the Supreme Court.

Lebanon — an Audit

Mr. Dulles seems to suffer from an irresistible urge to get himself—and the country—into almost every international morass that offers itself. Once he is well embogged, he makes herculean efforts to extricate himself, but would it not have been better to stay out in the first place? It would certainly appear so in the Lebanon instance, as the last U.S. Marine battalion embarks and the Army units prepare to leave.

Has Lebanon been pacified? On September 29, *The New York Times* correspondent cabled from Beirut that "the security situation . . . has shown no improvement." Other dispatches describe a state bordering on anarchy.

But perhaps we have earned the gratitude and affection of the Lebanese people? If so, it is not clear for what; nor are the Lebanese manifesting any such sentiments. Some of their politicians may be glad to have us, but they are finding that the only road to domestic popularity is to tell us, more or less politely, to go home. This is the one subject on which all factions vocally agree.

Surely, then, Mr. Dulles has at least insured the future pro-Western orientation of Lebanon? On the contrary, our boy, Chamoun, is out, and his followers are showing their resentment with shooting and arson. The new governmental authority, such as it is, is generally pro-Arab and neutralist. If he had not intervened, Mr. Dulles could scarcely have come off worse.

Moreover, Lebanon cannot be considered in isolation. The *Saturday Evening Post* suggests that the purpose of Khrushchev's trip to Peking may have been to induce the Chinese to start bombarding Quemoy by way of diverting American attention from the Middle East. Another version is that the Chinese did not need any encouragement from the Soviets to conclude that American involvement in Lebanon created a fine opportunity to launch their campaign for the offshore islands. Both versions suggest that our troubles in Lebanon are not unconnected with our current troubles over Quemoy and Matsu. Mr. Dulles can move the troops into one place, but he can't stop the Communists —who, after all, don't take orders from him—from making military dispositions elsewhere. On the debit side of the Lebanon adventure, therefore, must be entered its disturbing consequences in the Far East.

As for more tangible debit items, only a few Americans were killed in Lebanon, perhaps too few to mention; still, they are dead and their relatives bereaved, and who is the better for it? The cost in money and resources, if the Administration should care to reveal it, would be of interest to patriots and taxpayers. It would probably be enough to finance a U.N. peace force for several years. If there is a moral to the Lebanon affair, may it not be that Dulles & Company should restrain their penchant for policing the world *ex parte,* and support the U.N.'s collective, if nascent, efforts in that direction?

Badge of Infamy

Notwithstanding recent Supreme Court decisions, the Pentagon is continuing its "military personnel security program" on a business-as-usual basis. Recently the Army rejected as a security risk young Patrick Hallinan, the son of the 1952 Presidential nominee of the Independent Progressive Party. (At the moment, the father is being bitterly maligned by the Communist Party.) Young Hallinan, who is both a straight-A student and middleweight boxing champion at the University of California, was declared "unfit" for military service because he was "unable to refute a close and continuing association with two persons identified with Communist-front organizations," namely, his father and his mother.

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Last March, in the Harmon and Abramowitz cases, the Supreme Court ruled that the Army had no right to impose a "badge of infamy" on soldiers by giving them a less than honorable discharge because of pre-service political activities and associations. The public was vastly relieved and promptly forgot about the matter. But the Pentagon sidestepped the import of the decisions simply by applying them with absolute literalness. On this basis, the Pentagon has continued to inquire into the activities and associations of selective-service registrants prior to induction and to reject those with unorthodox backgrounds. It has also continued to give security-risk discharges to service men whose ideological non-conformity carries over, to any extent, into their period of service. Finally, the Pentagon has held — in an official exchange of letters with the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights — that it regards the period of service as including service in the inactive or stand-by reserve, a status which is now compulsory for practically all categories of selective-service inductees and volunteers for a term up to eight years. In addition, the Army utilizes another powerful weapon, the industrial-security program, to battle unorthodox ideas. Under this program, the economic security of workers employed by defense contractors is subject to Pentagon security clearance.

For those who fail to understand the apparent apathy of a large section of the electorate, we recommend a close study of the Pentagon's powers to induce conforming attitudes. These powers are disturbing in themselves; even more disturbing, however, is the Pentagon's refusal to give more than narrow, technical obedience to mandates of the Supreme Court which, because they reaffirm basic Constitutional freedoms, should have been broadly interpreted.

Haunting Question

U.S. Steel hiked the price of tin plate effective November 1 and, as we pointed out last summer (see editorial comment: July 19, p. 22), there is no doubt that the can manufacturers, the principal customers for tin plate, intend to pass the increase along to the consumers. Much in the manner we suggested, i.e., by raising prices on particular types of steel on a selective basis, the industry has gradually upped prices approximately $4.50 a ton. Now *Steel Magazine* reports that a *general* price increase may be anticipated early next year. This probably means that the industry by then will have succeeded in imposing the $6 a ton increase which it wanted to impose in July but felt compelled to forego temporarily, largely because of the public attention focused on administered prices by the Senate Anti-Monopoly Subcommittee, chaired by Senator Kefauver. What steel can't get one way, it usually manages to get another.

Recently Roger M. Blough, chairman of the board of U.S. Steel, journeyed out to Detroit to address the Economic Club — heavily infiltrated by top executives of the auto industry — on the touchy subject of prices. Higher steel prices are seldom warmly applauded in Detroit and never less so than when cars are not selling briskly. But if Mr. Blough offered the auto executives little solace or comfort on the matter of steel prices, he did offer them an attractive scapegoat. Autos, said Mr. Blough, should join with steel in resisting the "campaign of misinterpretation and even misrepresentation" on the subject of administered prices which has been set in motion by the Senate Anti-Monopoly Subcommittee. *This* suggestion was warmly applauded, the more so because the subcommittee is scheduled to release a report on pricing policies in the auto industry in mid-October. Mr. Blough was particularly indignant over a question which a member of the subcommittee had voiced at the steel hearings: " 'Price control' is a word we always used to be scared of, but we are letting someone else control the price; why can't the American people control the price, through the Government?" The heretic was not the senior Senator from Tennessee, but the senior Republican Senator from Wisconsin, Senator Alexander Wiley. A haunting question, it continues to reverberate in Congressional corridors and hearing rooms whenever the subject of administered prices is discussed.

"Ole No. 96"

Our recent comment on the appointment of Robert W. Minor, a former member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, to a vice presidency of the New York Central (September 27, p. 63), requires a word or two in amplification. Diligent readers have called our attention to the fact that Mr. Minor, prior to his appointment to the ICC, served as administrative assistant to Senator Bricker. To replace Mr. Minor on the ICC, the President appointed Mr. Charles A. Webb, a legislative assistant to Senator Bricker. The Senator, formerly chairman of the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, is now its ranking Republican member. For years the law firm of which Senator Bricker is a member, and in which he still retains a participating interest, has represented the Pennsylvania Railroad. Over a period of the last decade, the law firm has received $380,577 in fees and retainers from this treasured client. In the current Ohio campaign, Congressman Stephen M. Young, running for Bricker's Senate seat, recalled that the Pennsylvania owns a famous, ancient locomotive known far and wide as "Ole No. 96." He suggests that Ohio voters might do well to retire Senator Bricker and put him in a museum of railroad antiques alongside Ole No. 96. We hasten to endorse this charming suggestion.

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SIEGE AT LITTLE ROCK

THE BRAVE ONES . . *by Dan Wakefield*

Little Rock

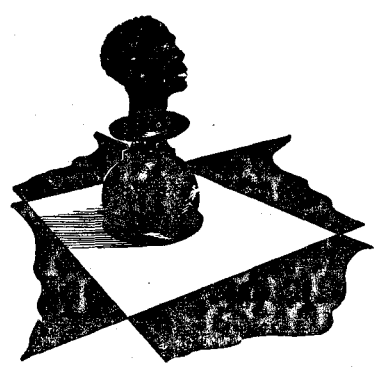
THE heavily-chronicled history of Little Rock's struggle with the federal government is one of the major stories of the times, producing daily headlines that flash around the globe. A less sensational, but perhaps in the long run an even more important story, is Little Rock's struggle with itself. It began a long time before the battle with the federal government, and it will continue a long time after that battle is over.

When Governor Orval Faubus closed the four public high schools of Little Rock and called for a vote of public sentiment on segregation, he brought the city's internal struggle farther into the open than it ever had been, and through his own tactics to insure a landslide pro-segregation vote, he effectively cut away what there was of a "middle ground." On the day of the voting, a visitor who walked away from one of the polls was confronted by two angry men with a petition which demanded a recall of the local school board. The visitor paused a moment after he read it, and one of the men, leaning forward and squinting at the stranger, said, "Tell me, boy, deep down, what are ya — segregationist or integrationist?" The word "moderate," once an important part of the Little Rock vocabulary, is now of little use. Orval Faubus has made it obsolete. Anyone who has opposed him, with whatever sort of alternative plan, has been branded at least as "integrationist" and often as "Communist."

Within such a setting of extremes, bolstered by the threats and slanders of the several growing White Citizens' groups in Little Rock, the possibility of leadership for a public opposition (a no man's land which had up to then been occupied only by the lone camp of Harry Ashmore and the Arkansas *Gazette*) seemed more remote than ever. In fact, the very notion of "leadership" has been made almost as obsolescent as "moderation" by Faubus' recent tactics, though his own use of his position as a leader has been not so different from that of most other public "leaders" in America. The Faubus approach to leadership was explained to me admiringly by a local city official and friend of the Governor who said: "I talk to the Governor off and on, but he never asks my opinion on anything. A friend of mine is one of his chief aides, and he told me once the Governor never asks his opinion, either. When the Governor wants to decide on something, he gets in his car and drives around for a couple of days, just talking to people in gas stations and barbershops and places like that. He says if you really want to know what people think on something you have to sit around a gas station. Well, he does that, and figures out what the people want, and that's the way he makes his decisions. You have to admit, that's real democracy."

It might be easier just to make the gas-station manager Governor, but the Faubus system probably comes out to the same thing anyway. There is danger in proposing something that the people don't like, so the safest course is to find the lowest common denominator of what they do like and make that into policy. Leading the people is always more difficult than being led by them, and a lot more dangerous.

And yet, on this most dangerous of all issues, leaders of Little Rock who previously had kept their peace spoke out publicly in the campaign for the school-opening referendum. Even after Faubus had branded the Presbyterians who urged opening the schools on an integrated basis as "brainwashed" by the Communists, a Baptist and a Methodist minister, as well as the boards of deacons of a Methodist and a Presbyterian church, all came out with public statements favoring the opening of schools with the board's integration plan. Methodist Dr. J. Kenneth Shamblin discovered and quoted, in his sermon on opening the schools, that "Life is action and passion, therefore it is required of a man that he should share the action and passion of his time at the peril of being judged not to have lived" — a sentiment which more and more citizens of what has been called "The Silent South" may be discovering as the crisis calls for voices. The Reverend Dale Cowling, Baptist president of the Little Rock Ministerial Alliance, asked that his congregation "vote to keep our public schools open even though this means integration. I recognize that to do so may bring us grave social problems. But these can and will yield to a spirit of love and prayer."



THESE may sound like timid words to us, who can make our fine moral pronouncements in the safety of the North, but the Rev. Cowling probably understood, as he spoke them, what their immediate effect would be on his church and his job. The next Sunday, it was necessary for the Rev. Cowling to deliver a sermon on the importance of church members continuing to give their tithes and contributions in order for the church to keep up its work. I sat in his church and watched the red velvet collection plate passed down my aisle after the sermon, and when it reached me, after passing some twenty worshipers, it contained a single nickel.

Later that afternoon I talked with

DAN WAKFIELD is a staff correspondent.

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one of the Presbyterian ministers who, the Governor has charged, was "brainwashed." This minister said first that "I ask you not to print my name, because if you did, the day that the article came out I would be besieged by phone calls, most of them anonymous. Then I would be subject to new attacks and new reprisals from outsiders, trying to undermine my congregation and their faith in me."

Since stating his own position in a sermon, in which he supported the gradual integration plan for Little Rock and said that the next step is for the Negro to have full political rights, this minister has not lost any members of his congregation. "But," he explained to me, "some have told me flatly that they will no longer give their financial support to the church. We ministers who have spoken out have jeopardized our positions, but we would do it again if we had it to do over. We couldn't do anything else. I have never been through anything quite like this in my life — my big job now is to try to hold my congregation together. And I think I can. I think we'll weather the storm."

BESIDES the ministers who spoke out before the vote on opening the schools, other local leaders even more vulnerable to economic reprisals took a public stand against the Faubus plan. (The greatest and oldest instance of all is, of course, that of Ashmore and the *Gazette*, which has now lost 15,000 subscribers since it began to print the consistently articulate and outspoken editorials that support the school board's plan for gradual integration.) It has been common talk in the community that several of the members of the School Board have lost business for their respective companies because of their board membership, so the risks were understood by anyone who raised his voice. Yet before the voting, sixty-three prominent Little Rock lawyers bought an ad in the *Gazette* and signed their names to a statement that said the private-school plan would be illegal and urged the voters to cast their ballots "For Integration." What eventual effects this will have on the lawyers and their practices no one yet can tell, but one of the local segregationist groups, The States Rights Council, quickly issued a statement denouncing them and saying that "The people of Arkansas will long remember their names and in the future shun them like poison."

"Any Questions?"

Perhaps the leaders who risked the most in making a public statement in favor of the integration plan were the local unions, for time and again throughout the state the unions have lost shop elections when management used the racial issue to dissuade the workers from organizing. But before the special school vote, state AFL-CIO chairman Odell Smith made a formal statement urging union men to vote for integration, and all of the local union leaders in Little Rock but one spoke up in their meetings to support this policy.

When the special referendum (which really, of course, had no legal bearing on the crisis in Little Rock) ended with a 3-1 majority for the Faubus segregationists, none of the millions of people throughout the world who were disappointed by the results were as deeply disturbed as those here who had worked for the opening of the public schools. And yet, there were solid gains made even in defeat that were bound to have a bearing on the future. As White Citizens' Council president, the Rev. Wesley Pruden, said when he branded the lawyers who urged the school opening as "political enemies" of Faubus: "They are so desperate that now they are coming out in the open." That was true, and it was also true that once in the open they were not so likely to turn back to sheltered silence.

Burck: Chicago Sun-Times

"Times Sho' Have Changed! Our Pappies Didn't Never Send Us to No Private Schools!"

A new group born in the desperation of the hour, The Women's Emergency Committee to Open Our Schools, decided after the voting was over that the referendum defeat for integration was not the end, but the beginning of their work.

The committee was formed just two weeks before the special school vote when Mrs. David N. Terry, a lady of one of Little Rock's prominent families, called together some friends to "do something" about the schools. The idea that women could do something in the crisis came from the memory of the women in Atlanta who formed a committee called Women Who Are Concerned and began the drive that eventually ended lynchings in the South. These women of Little Rock were concerned, too, and after the first meeting at Mrs. Terry's home, fifty-eight women announced the formation of the new committee and began to contact their friends and neighbors to join in the work. Soon there were hundreds of women involved in the campaign.

The president of the committee, Mrs. Joe Brewer, is a Little Rock born and raised citizen and Smith College graduate who seems to em-

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body the kind of dignity and grace that is the South at its best and is now its greatest hope. Faubus is Snopes and his kin are the majority; Mrs. Joe Brewer and the others like her, who are people of intelligence and principle, will always be, by nature, his greatest menace.

A few days after the sad results of the voting, Mrs. Brewer explained to a visitor that "People have asked me if I wasn't despondent, but I'm really not—I'm glad about the response we got. I don't know how many women worked with us finally but I personally talked to 250, and they all talked to others. And anyone who got involved with the committee knew there would be abusive letters and phone calls, and that their husbands might be hurt in business. There's a lot of fear and hate here, and there's apathy, too—so many people say there's just nothing you can do about it. But we're going to continue to do everything we can. At least we've made a start now, and I'm sure we have a future. There are too many decent people here."

Mrs. Brewer said that in the short time since the committee had been formed, "So many people have asked me, 'Why didn't you get started a year ago?' Well, we should have. But when it first happened we were numb. And I guess we were afraid."

Many of Little Rock's leaders are still either numb or afraid or both. The powerful local groups of businessmen such as the Chamber of Commerce have remained silent, but at least there is now a minority who have broken the sound barrier, and who are dedicated to making themselves and their position heard. They —the Mrs. Joe Brewers and the Harry Ashmores—are the conscience of Little Rock in a way that no outsiders could ever be, and at a price that no outsiders would ever have to pay. The federal forces may eventually win the battle of Little Rock, but it is these local citizens who will have to win the war. It will be a very long and very cold one.

EDUCATION OF EARL WARREN . . *by Bradford Smith*

CAN A MAN who looks upon the "colored" races as inferior, or fundamentally different, change his mind?

At a time when the world is looking at our efforts to wipe out segregation, this is a matter of compelling importance. For the larger part of the human population is colored. If we fail to overcome prejudice at home, our leadership will never be accepted in Asia and Africa and the Middle East. This is the wider issue behind the battle for desegregation. Unless we win it, we are going to be the ones who are segregated in a world which no longer has room for racial prejudice or master-race theories.

One of the most interesting case histories available is that of Chief Justice Earl Warren, who was Attorney General of California when the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor. Mr. Warren, taught by his environment to accept the myth that Orientals are inscrutable, was one of the men most instrumental in having Americans of Japanese ancestry, and their alien parents, expelled from their homes on the West Coast and removed to concentration camps inland.

Anti-Oriental sentiment had been strong on the West Coast ever since the Chinese influx of the nineteenth century. In the years between the world wars, it was directed chiefly against the Japanese.

"What can we do to protect ourselves," complained a California paper in 1920 about a Japanese who, starting with nothing, had cornered the San Francisco potato market that year, "when thrift, good farming and farsightedness turn out that way?" In brief, the feeling against the Japanese arose out of the fact that they were willing to work hard and long to get a foothold, and then to sacrifice themselves so that their American children could get an education.

In spite of the deep-rooted anti-Oriental feeling, for almost two months after the Pearl Harbor attack the West Coast remained surprisingly calm. People went out of their way to assure the Nisei (Americans of Japanese ancestry) that they were not being confused with the enemy. But the steady advance of the Japanese armies into Thailand, the Philippines, Hong Kong and Wake and Guam, and the Roberts report on the damage done at Pearl Harbor, worked to the advantage of groups who would benefit from the removal of all alien Japanese and their American children from the West Coast.

As Attorney General, Earl Warren was then in a position to exert tremendous influence over the lives of these people and to lead public opinion in one direction or another. As a guardian of the law, he showed a scrupulous regard for the legal rights of the children of immigrants. When the California State Personnel Board began barring Nisei from civil-service jobs, he ruled that they had no right to discriminate in such fashion.

YET THE evidence is clear that Warren had determined in his own mind that the Nisei and their alien parents could not be trusted—though the more numerous German and Italian aliens could. What the psychologist calls projection (reading one's own attitude into others) always seems to be a part of the racial picture. Where the ruling race has mistreated the minority, it cannot believe that the minority could possibly be "loyal" or "trustworthy."

"I have come to the conclusion

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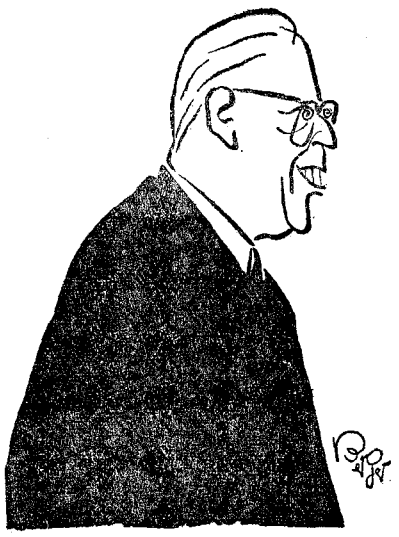
that the Japanese situation as it exists in this state today, may well be the Achilles heel of the entire civilian-defense effort," Warren said on January 30, 1942. "Unless something is done it may bring about a repetition of Pearl Harbor." He also asserted that it was impossible to "distinguish between the dangerous enemy aliens of whom we are sure there are many here, and Japanese American citizens loyal to the United States."

"We believe," he later told the Tolan committee investigating conditions on the West Coast, "that when we are dealing with the Caucasian race we have methods that will test the loyalty of them." The Japanese were different — because they were not Caucasians. Mr. Warren's thinking was ruled by the bogey of race.

Yet naval intelligence and the narcotics squad had Japanese working for them, and the FBI had been watching for over a year the 1,300 alien Orientals who were seized as a precautionary measure within a few hours of the Pearl Harbor attack. Both sociologists and intelligence agents who really knew the Japanese communities were sure that the Nisei, if anything, were more "American" than the average citizen.

On February 21, 1942, the Attorney General testified before the Tolan committee that about ten days before he had asked a meeting of law-enforcement officers whether any Japanese, foreign-born or Nisei, had ever helped them out with information about subversive activities. "The answer was unanimously no," he stated. But at that very meeting he was discussing — actually it had been held on February 2 — he himself had announced that six law-enforcement officers had told him of specific information given them by Japanese informants against other Japanese. The fact is that the FBI, naval intelligence and the narcotics squad were all relying heavily on Japanese informants. What was it that caused this unusual lapse of memory in Mr. Warren?

In a supplement added to his Tolan committee testimony, Mr. Warren emphasized the existence of Japanese patriotic societies and cultural



Chief Justice Warren

ties. Yet similar ties existing among even larger numbers of German and Italian aliens were ignored — even though these people, unlike the Japanese, were eligible for American citizenship.

"I consider that the first-generation-born Italians and Germans in this country are no different from anybody else, regardless of what the German government or the Italian government may think about their citizenship," Mr. Warren told the California Joint Immigration Committee. But the Nisei — they were different. It was not possible, he told the Tolan committee, to form "sound" opinions with respect to their loyalty.

Further proof of the deviousness and dangerous intent of the Japanese, he argued, was that they had settled under power lines and near oil and air fields. But an analysis of this evidence undertaken by Morton Grodzins, now dean of the Social Science faculty at the University of Chicago, has shown that it proves nothing. The power companies rented the land under their lines to Japanese truck gardeners because only they would put in the labor necessary to work such tracts. Other Japanese truck gardeners had been established for years before the advent of the factories and air fields they were accused of surrounding.

Mr. Warren has played an essential role, then, in arousing public sentiment for the removal of the Japanese, alien and American alike, from the West Coast. He also used his influence with federal officials to bring it about. Mayor Bowron of Los Angeles has reported that he and Tom Clark (now Associate Justice of the Supreme Court), together with Warren, held a long conference with General De Witt which led directly to De Witt's decision to evacuate the Nisei from the West Coast. Even before this, Mr. Warren had encouraged the California Joint Immigration Committee, an anti-Japanese pressure group, to urge evacuation. "It is my opinion," he told them, "that . . . the military and national authorities here would not be adverse to having pressure applied."

That the Western Defense Command was ready to accede to pressure is clear from the fact that it later, without acknowledgment, lifted large hunks of the Attorney General's arguments for evacuation and put them in its own final report.

After Mr. Warren became Governor of California, three members of the State Board of Agriculture succeeded in passing a resolution which favored the return of the evacuees to California and urged fair treatment. Governor Warren at once made new appointments to the board which assured reversal of this action.

THE mass evacuation (two-thirds of those affected were U.S. citizens) embodied, in the words of Justice Frank Murphy, one of the most "sweeping and complete deprivations of Constitutional rights in the history of this nation." Even so, it might be put down as nothing worse than a military blunder were it not for the fact that the program was tainted with racism.

Of this there can be no doubt. As Messrs. ten Broek, Barnhart and Matson point out in *Prejudice, War and the Constitution* (1954, p. 84): "It made racism a Constitutional principle. . . . Viewed in the perspective of a decade, with all the advantages of hindsight and subsequent disclosure, the Japanese-American episode of World War II looms as a great and evil blotch upon our national history."

In full recognition that the nation was at war, the episode was never-

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theless a disaster and the role that the Supreme Court played in it has been rightly called one of the great failures in its history, comparable with its surrender to slavery in *Dred Scott vs. Sandford.* And so it was with the role played at the time by Mr. Warren. It could be said that he had merely made an error in judgment were it not for the fact, noted by Messrs. ten Broek, Barnhart and Matson, that "His [Warren's] arguments constitute a resumé of anti-Japanese clichés which had been accumulating for over a half-century."

BY THE time the Japanese were permitted to return to the West Coast in 1945, most of them had lost everything as a result of the forced evacuation. Yet thousands of Nisei had fought Japan and the Axis in all parts of the world, and many had died defending the land which had deprived them and their parents of their rights. Nonetheless, a virulent campaign supported by interested groups got under way to keep the Japanese from returning to California, and Governor Warren stated that allowing any Japanese to return might interfere with the war effort.

The federal government thought otherwise. It assisted those who wanted to return to their homes. Finally, Governor Warren too changed his mind. Recognizing that a great injustice had been done the Nisei, he actively aided them in getting reestablished.

Was it their magnificent war record that convinced him? Their willingness to volunteer for the dirty jobs, their high mortality rate, their immense value to army intelligence against the Japanese in the Pacific?

And was this whole experience an educative one for the man who in 1954 led the Supreme Court to a unanimous opinion in favor of public education without discrimination? Did he learn from the part he played in what has been labeled "our worst wartime mistake" that Americans, no matter what color their skin, are Americans still by every tie and test that can be devised?

Only small men are incapable of change, unable to learn by their mistakes. It speaks well for the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court that from a racially biased Attorney General he has grown to be a world leader in the fight for universal brotherhood, and that he has the courage to begin this fight at home — the place where it must begin if we are to have any respect in the free world.

The conversion of Earl Warren carries with it the proof that attitudes can change, and that by some miracle the same enlightenment may pierce other American minds before it is too late. The world is waiting to see whether we will earn our leadership by practicing the ideals we profess.

Quemoy: the Great American Trespass

W. Macmahon Ball

Melbourne, Australia

IN PUBLIC statements, Australian Government leaders currently are trying hard to make Mr. Dulles look good. Prime Minister Robert Menzies says it is very wrong of the Chinese Communists to try to achieve territorial change by force. R. G. Casey, Minister for External Affairs and head of the Australian delegation to the U.N., calls them wicked.

Personally, I am hoping that my Government is saying something different to Dulles privately. As a citizen, I would like to ask the American Secretary of State some simple, direct questions:

1. Does he accept the view of the British Government, stated February 4, 1955, and shared by nearly every government in the world, that the offshore islands undoubtedly form a part of the territory of the People's Republic of China?

2. If so, would he agree that the United States is now engaged in armed intervention in the Chinese civil war?

3. Does he agree that the offshore islands are of no military importance for the defense of Formosa; that their main military use for three years has been for launching Nationalist guerrillas and agents, plus U.S. agents, to the mainland for subversion and indirect aggression, which tactics continuously needle Peking?

4. In view of the fact that in 1955 the British Government and other friendly governments earnestly entreated the U.S. Government to arrange withdrawal of Nationalist military forces from the offshore islands forthwith, would he please explain why the United States has helped the Nationalists to do exactly the opposite—i.e., to put one-third of their best combat troops on islands three to fifteen miles from the mainland coast?

It is self-evident that the military build-up of these islands is designed not for the defense of Formosa, but rather to increase the chances of a military clash and to insure that, when the clash came, the Nationalists would have so much at stake that it would be difficult for the United States to allow them to suffer a big military reverse. Aged Chiang, with few years left to achieve his ambition of reconquering the mainland, will exploit every possible stratagem to embroil the United States in war. If the attack on Quemoy were to intensify and if the Nationalists maintained a gallant and prolonged resistance, American feelings for direct, decisive intervention likely would build up fast. The unspeakable wickedness of the Chinese Communists is revealed by their stubborn refusal to renounce force

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to achieve their objectives. It is true that Chiang also stubbornly refuses to renounce force to achieve his ambitions, but this is irrelevant because he is a friend of the free world and the Communists are its enemies.

Dulles says the defense of Formosa depends on considerations that are moral and political, and not only military. This means the Nationalists must be protected from events which might lower their morale. But does their morale depend on the continuing belief that they are able to reconquer the mainland? If so, does it help Western prestige and moral standing in Asia or anywhere else to encourage the Nationalists' belief in what the rest of the world knows to be false?

What would be the effect of a Nationalist withdrawal on the Asian peoples, especially the twelve million overseas Chinese? Surely it is now time that Dulles accepted the hard fact that Asian leaders are not wholly dependent on his statements for information about what goes on in their part of the world. Most Asian leaders have got the impression from these supplementary information sources that China today is more powerful and united than ever before. Their respect for China's achievements, whatever their feelings about communism, is greatly increased by the knowledge that these achievements have been accomplished not only without America's help, but in the face of American hostility. Dulles' present policy could not be better contrived to bring solid Asian support for China.

It is a terrifying thought that the survival of mankind can turn on the obsessions of one man in Formosa, unwanted and condemned by the overwhelming majority of the 600 million people he pretends to represent. It is even more terrifying to reflect that he is able to toy with the world's future only because he has such powerful friends.

As I see it, the first urgent step for resolving the present crisis is a cease-fire to enable prompt withdrawal of Nationalist offshore forces from Quemoy and Matsu. Negotiations to this end are more likely to succeed if they are treated not as a bilateral Washington-Peking concern, but as the business of many nations, especially Asian. Thus the matter is essentially one for the U.N. Yet it is hardly possible for the U.N. to have a chance of success as long as the Nationalists, not the Communists, represent China; hence the present Assembly should reconsider the question of China's representation. Failing this, present Washington-Peking negotiations should be broadened to include at least one neutral. The obvious choice is India.

THE DE GAULLE MYSTIQUE

ANATOMY OF A BALLOT . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

LIKE EVERY other commentator, I might as well start with the words: "The results have by far exceeded even the most optimistic forecasts." Listening to the results on the radio on the night of September 28, and then mixing with the enthusiastic well-dressed crowds in the Champs-Elysées, as they were cheering the victory figures on the Radio Building ("Strasbourg: 91 per cent Yes, 9 per cent No"), I had the feeling that we were in the presence of a psychological phenomenon not wholly explainable in rational terms. Had there been a 65 per cent Yes vote, the explanation would have been simple; but the extra 14 or 15 per cent that de Gaulle got gave a sort of "mystical" touch to a day of voting which, on the face of it, went off calmly and normally. Is one to conclude, then, that France is suffering from the kind of mystical exaltation that so many Germans knew when they voted for Hitler? Is there really, as Mauriac wrote recently in *L'Express*, that longing which the French get from time to time for an authoritarian government? Have the French people, by saying Yes to the extent of nearly 80 per cent, subconsciously said Yes to fascism? The answer to this must certainly be No; and yet the referendum figures remain disconcerting in the extreme.

There are, of course, plenty of obvious reasons why a large majority of the French nation said Yes. It was a vote for the man, much more than for the Constitution, which few had taken the trouble to read, still less to study. The Government radio (which is the only radio there is) had done little or nothing to explain the Constitution; nor had the pro-Government press (which represents around 90 per cent of the total press).

The reasons for saying Yes to de Gaulle were, of course, numerous and often completely contradictory. Some voted out of fear, remembering the threat of the Algiers colonels last May to send paratroopers to France and start a civil war here. Would not the same happen if de Gaulle were beaten in the referendum? To millions, de Gaulle was the proverbial "lesser evil." Others voted for him because they always vote on the Right, anyway.

It is striking that much of the voting was done in a spirit of resignation: "Now that de Gaulle is in the saddle, he might as well stay there; to turn him out would be too risky." In the Toulouse and Bordeaux areas, where I spent some time earlier in September, the most striking thing was the cageyness, the secretiveness of people. They did

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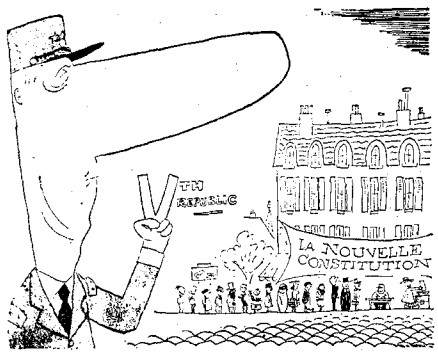
not like to tell you openly which way they were going to vote. It was as though they felt that there was something "not quite right" about voting Yes, as if to do so would somehow go against all their old republican traditions. Yet they were at heart convinced, as we now see, that there was no object in saying No. The irritation against the Republic, partly artificially worked up, which characterized French public opinion for the last few years, added to this feeling of "Let's try out something new, rather than go back to the Fourth Republic"—a return which in any case the Algiers "colonels" would not have permitted. Few had enough analytical sense to realize that the Republic, ruled and blackmailed since 1956 by the Algiers junta and the Algiers lobby, which were themselves responsible for the pernicious "government instability," was more sinned against than sinning. The feeling that parliamentary democracy had not functioned well was very widespread.

ANOTHER FACTOR contributed enormously to the Yes vote. The majority of the Socialist Party, led by Guy Mollet, as well as the Radical Party, which had preferred the opportunist politician Gaillard to Mendès-France, had declared themselves for de Gaulle. *They* were going to see to it that the Fifth Republic really *would* be a Republic—with respect for civil liberties maintained, and all that. True, de Gaulle in the past thundered against the parties; but now Mollet and his friends claimed that the General had had a change of heart and had long ago abandoned the totalitarian formulas of his French People's Rally movement of 1947-48. Still more important, Gaston Defferre, head of the Bouches-du-Rhône (Marseilles) Federation of the Socialist Party, had joined in the Yes campaign, and by so doing had assured a majority for Mollet at the Socialist Congress of Issy-les-Moulineaux earlier in September. This was perhaps the biggest single factor of its kind in increasing the Yes vote. Thanks to him a real Socialist split (apart from a few resignations) had been avoided. In this case, de Gaulle's personal conversation with Defferre had been decisive; whether sincerely or with his tongue in cheek (we shall soon know which), the General had assured Defferre that only a very large Yes vote would give him (de Gaulle) sufficient authority to dictate to the Army and the *colons* of Algeria and to work out a peace settlement with the Algerian rebels. The belief that de Gaulle was *different* from the Algiers "colonels" was one that the pro-de Gaulle Socialists did their best — and not without success — to put across.

The desire for peace in Algeria is extremely strong in France; and the very idea that de Gaulle *might* bring it about was enough to swing many votes. The story studiously put forward on the eve of the balloting that there was a latent conflict between



de Gaulle and the Algiers *ultras* (both military and civilian), and that therefore de Gaulle, during his post-election visit to Algeria, would speak not in the "crazy" city of Algiers, but in the more realistic city of Constantine, seemed to confirm the idea that de Gaulle was going to get tough with the junta.

Of the more general reasons for the huge de Gaulle vote, by far the most obvious is the almost entirely one-sided propaganda. Radio and TV are in the hands of Soustelle; saying little about the contents of the Constitution, they spoke of national salvation and national unity, and flattered French patriotism and chauvinism. Opposition groups, including the Communist Party with its 5.5 million voters (1956), were given exactly five minutes on the air throughout the whole referendum campaign. Close to 90 per cent of the press was a Yes press. During the last week of the campaign, the government spent vast sums on Yes posters; the number of No posters was negligible. The usual *graffiti* were, in their large majority, Yes *graffiti*, the local authorities and the Prefects having been given instructions to delete No daubs and scribbles at Government expense! The referendum result can very largely be considered as the victory of a gigantic propaganda campaign which met with extremely little opposition. The very fact that de Gaulle kept people guessing about his real intentions, especially in respect to Algeria, in many cases produced the benefit-of-the-doubt reaction.

THERE was another factor: the formation of the "Algerian Government" and the numerous acts of terrorism committed by Algerian gunmen and *dinamiteros* played into the hands of the Yes propaganda. Soustelle made the most of it: he announced that, after the referendum, measures "which could not now be disclosed" would be taken to stop this terrorism completely. There are many people in Paris and other centers who are genuinely scared of Algerian gunmen.

Another propaganda device used by Soustelle with some effect was to identify the No vote with communism: anyone voting No would play into the hands of the Communists.

There was really no organized opposition to the Yes vote. There were the Communists, with only a very limited press. And there were a few political and intellectual minority groups: a few periodicals like *Esprit*, *France-Observateur*, *L'Express*; a few leaders with little following like Mitterrand and Mendès-France; the Socialists under Edouard Depreux who had broken away from Mollet's majority faction. True enough, the labor unions (and not only the Communist ones), and the bulk of the schoolteachers of France were anti-de Gaulle. But, as the results showed, all this had little effect.

Mapping the final referendum results is of the greatest interest. The traditionally conservative and clerical areas yielded a Yes vote which in places exceeded 90 per cent (most of Normandy and the whole

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of Alsace). Corsica, still in effect under paratroop rule, voted 87 per cent Yes. The "staunchly Republican" Center and South voted between 63 per cent (Corrèze) and 75 per cent (Haute-Garonne: Toulouse) for de Gaulle, despite the vigorous campaign conducted for the No vote by that highly influential Toulouse paper, the Radical *Dépêche du Midi*. But the most astonishing result, and one which has given the Government the greatest joy, is the substantial Yes vote in the traditionally Communist working-class areas of the Red Belt of Paris. Here the total No vote was smaller than the total Communist vote in 1956. Assuming that a considerable number of non-Communists voted No (and there is no doubt about that), the evidence is that a substantial number (one-third, perhaps even one-half) of the habitual Communist voters said Yes to de Gaulle. One may well wonder what conclusions both the Government and the Communist leaders will draw from this phenomenon.

And what now? The institutions of the Fifth Republic must be set up by February 5, 1959. The meeting of the old Assembly, which was to have taken place on October 7, has been canceled. President Coty will remain in office until the election of the new President — General de Gaulle. About the same time, a new Parliament will be elected. The election system will, in the next few days, be decided upon by the Government — despite the assurances given the old Assembly by Mollet and Pflimlin that Parliament would decide about this. For four months, the Government will have absolute powers to take any measures it considers "in the interests of the nation." This might mean *anything*.

The biggest question today is whether de Gaulle intends to justify fully the confidence placed in him by the bulk of the French people, and particularly by those millions of "genuine Republicans" who voted for him, by acting as a fair-minded arbiter, or whether he will allow himself to be dominated by the wild men in France and Algiers. But even if one takes the most optimistic view of his intentions, one cannot escape from the melancholy thought that democracy is dead in France, and that whether the French as a people will remain relatively free now depends entirely on the will of one man. And this man is surrounded by many men who care little for civil rights, and who are not at all convinced that an early peace in Algeria would be a good thing. As the left-wing Catholic monthly *Esprit* recently put it, "The longer the war in Algeria lasts, the better the chances of Fascism in France."

THE DECADENT PAVILION . . *by Philip Siekevitz*

Brussels

ONE WOULD THINK that the designers of a national pavilion at a World's Fair would bear in mind certain practical considerations. For instance, it is unlikely that any pavilion can keep the average visitor captive for more than two hours; there is much to see at a fair, and the urge to move on is irresistible. The exhibits, therefore, must be selected and displayed so that they can convey their message, clearly and comprehensively, within that short space of time. Make no mistake, a fair of this kind has no other purpose but that of affording its exhibitors an opportunity for propaganda-making. If the propaganda fails, the exhibit fails.

Well, on this count, and on practically all other counts, the United States pavilion at the Brussels Fair is a dismal flop. First, the building. Undoubtedly, it is the loveliest building on the grounds; a huge metal and glass canopy with no internal support, it seems to be floating in the air, an impression emphasized by the adroit use of trees, water and light. But it is not a building in which to show anything, except possibly a circus, a rodeo or a bullfight. People tend to get lost in circular buildings; they can site no corners, no directions, to give them bearings. This makes for a feeling of confusion, even of fleeting panic, and turns the mind away from the exhibits. Again, a circular building has no beginning and no end, and the exhibits — together with the message they are supposed to convey — get lost in all the middles. So it is with the United States pavilion here. You enter at any one of many doors, and you can never be sure whether you are coming in at the end or the beginning of things. Of course, this situation confronted the designers at the outset, and so they arranged the displays without continuity. Exhibits are stuck any old place, so that it doesn't really matter by what door you enter; all approaches are equally confusing. The designers of almost all the other pavilions here worked on quite another hypothesis; i.e., that orderly progression is the essence of story-telling. So they put up their pavilions with definite entrances and exits, and with definite pathways for visitors to follow. The Czechoslovak pavilion, which I thought was the best, adheres rigidly to this arrow-pointing system. The eye-weary and footsore wanderers are grateful when they find that a path has been mapped out for them. Moreover, they are more receptive to whatever message the exhibit is designed to deliver.

GIVEN THE U.S. pavilion, what were the designers of the exhibits to do? It seems to me that they became so enamored of the building that they were afraid that to exhibit very much in it, and especially in its

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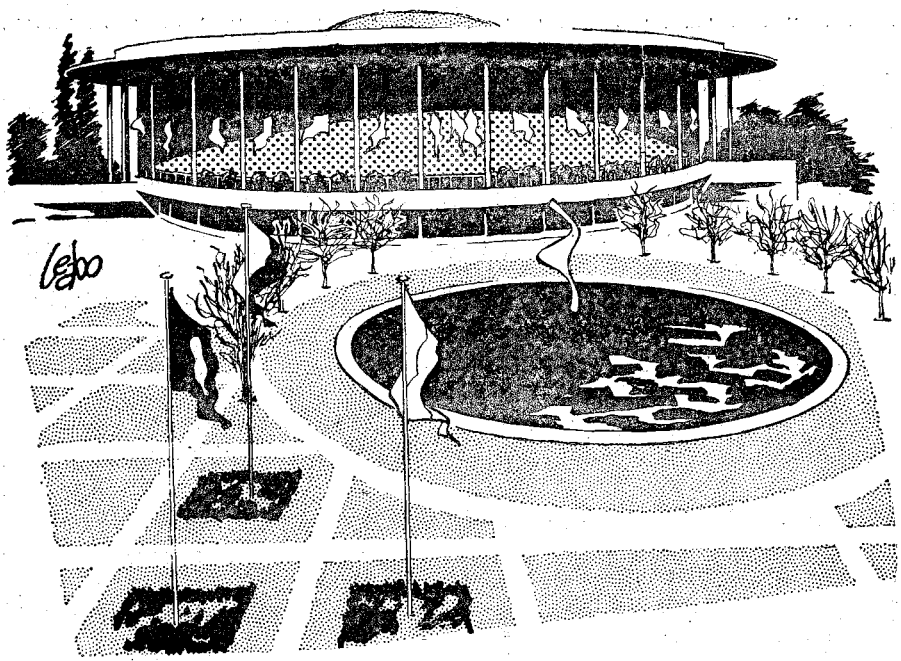

United States Pavilion: Brussels Fair

center, would spoil its looks. Still, the center needed something. So they thought and thought, and finally came up with a fashion show. Now, in my turn, I too have thought and thought, and I still haven't fathomed what message the fashion show is supposed to convey about America or Americans. If the designers wanted a circular building, and needed something in the middle which was in the nature of a circular exhibit, why a fashion show? Why a pond, which occupied nearly one-fourth the floor space of the building? Are American ponds so much different from Bulgarian, say, or Ecuadorian? I suggest the designers would have done better with an exhibit of one of the national sports, like baseball, football or basketball (played by midgets, of course, considering the limitations of space).

WHAT ELSE is inside this pavilion, which is supposed to demonstrate American civilization? Let me list the exhibits: blown-up pictures of various parts of the New York skyline, pasted upon flat and curvilinear cement walls, and also models of many new buildings (again mostly from New York); the license plates of the forty-eight states; a center-cut from a California redwood tree; several mail boxes and postage stamps; several photographs of Lincoln; a display of hundreds of newspapers; a 1903 model Ford; a model of the center of the city of Philadelphia, with moving parts showing how the city is being changed; a stock-exchange ticker; an electric computor; a music room where one can play one's own records; a TV studio where actual scenes are shot; a guided, automatic gadget for handling radioactive materials; art, including American Indian art and the modern art which the Museum of Modern Art thought wise to send over; the latest in American sculpture; Saul Steinberg's satirical cartoons pasted on walls; mail-order catalogues; a living room; some sand by the pond on which was deposited a boat, a cooking outfit and other sundries; an American drug store which served cold drinks and ice-cream; an electric kitchen; a display of shop windows; a children's creative playroom modeled after the one in the Museum of Modern Art; voting machines; a display of circarama.

I might have left out a few items, but not many. I guess it isn't too bad, given the limitations of the building. But most of the items are isolated bits and pieces, with no explanatory devices to link them with the home country or with any other item. It is as if scores of bright ideas were thought up, materialized, and were thrust helter-skelter into the building. In other words, a hodge-podge. Isn't it wonderful that America is so big that it has forty-eight states and so much territory? "Well, let's show them the license plates." Yes, it is wonderful that America is so big, that it took the sweat of many millions of people to build it, that the people came from all over the world, that they came with ideals, and to discover ideals, and that America today is the result of the dynamo of energy which these immigrants released upon the land. Was this the thought to be conveyed by forty-eight license plates?

WHAT DOES the average European visitor get out of the U.S. pavilion? In my judgment, nothing but confusion. The Russian pavilion tells him that the USSR is not an uncouth, barbarous country, but one with all the material possessions of the industrial West, and also with a deep respect for cultural accretions. From the Yugoslav exhibit he derives some understanding of an important experiment in workers' control of the industrial apparatus; the French and British pavilions impress him with the fact that these two countries are still industrial giants, powers to be reckoned with. Other pavilions teach their lessons: Dutch perseverance, fortitude and ingenuity in conquering the ocean; Japanese pride in their fine industrial achievements; the antiquity of Czechoslovakian culture and industry; Israel's achievements in ten years' time, etc. All these successful exhibits have one thing in common: change. In each, the past is sketched, the present shown, the future thought about. No nation is afraid to blow its own horn; many display, in photographs, in pictorial deeds, in quotations, the thought and actions of their greatest men. (There is some wry humor in connection with some of these displays. The United States gives Einstein to the Germans, while the Swiss take him as their own. In the Spanish pavilion, there is not one picture of Franco, but numbered among their greats is Picasso, who hasn't, and wouldn't, set foot on the Spanish soil of Franco, and Garcia

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Lorca, the poet and playwright who was murdered by the Fascists at the start of the Civil War.) The United States display includes a few small photographs of Lincoln, with no comment, and an oil portrait of Eisenhower.

It has been said that we didn't want to boast too much about our material achievements, and that anyway the whole world knew about them. We wanted, rather, to show off our cultural progress. On this score, too, the U.S. pavilion is a failure. One cannot hope to demonstrate American culture by asking the Museum of Modern Art to throw together some paintings, most of them bad, and some sculpture, most of it good, and then devoting the rest of the available display space to what is essentially trivia.

YES, THE U.S. pavilion has had many visitors, but most came not so much to see as to relax—to take their shoes off, physically and mentally. Of course, perhaps this was the whole idea of our pavilion. Perhaps those responsible for it are convinced that we have solved all our problems, that today America is all park benches around swimming pools where Americans need do nothing but sit back and watch the struggles of the rest of the world. Surely our pavilion depicts a Pompeii among nations, a huge holiday resort whence all care has been banished! And as if this were not bad enough, we do not even indicate how others may reach this Nirvana (as expressed in our own terms). There is not a word said in our pavilion about Capitalism, not even People's Capitalism (the Communist pavilions boast of their economic system at every hand); there is very little about democracy; there is nothing to indicate (now that the exhibit entitled Unfinished Business has been removed) how many struggles we have gone through, and still must go through, to obtain freedom for all Americans.

And this brings me, sadly, to the keynote of my article: the U.S. pavilion, precisely because of its imperfections, is in its way perfect. It portrays exactly the America of the fifth decade of this century. In it is reflected faithfully the laxness in our lives, our refusal—despite foreign-aid programs and military bases—to acknowledge the problems of the world, much less our own domestic problems. Our pavilion describes the country of Eisenhower, whom we elected twice to office. It is a de-energized exhibit for old ladies hungry for the small joys that the twilight of their lives can bring them. There is not one item provocative of thought in the whole building; there is nothing to indicate that we have any ideas beyond today, or that for us a tomorrow will ever come. Our exhibit is static, a picture caught in time, a photograph out of context misplaced in the files of history. It says: "We have come this far; our capitalistic system has furnished us with all our material wants. Now we are satisfied, and we are finished. As for the future, we do not even see it; we have no thoughts about it; we refuse even to acknowledge that it exists; we could not care less. We are old; we await death."

True, the America of today is going to die, but this is not the America I believe in. Our money-mad capitalism will fall by the wayside, but this is not America; our superstition-ridden, race-hating America will disappear, but this is not America; a complacent, hedonistic America will be shocked out of existence, but this isn't America either. I think that eventually all the energy and goodness which is in us, all our ideals and aspirations, all the spoken and unspoken thoughts which are the real America will emerge in our children, by our efforts and their efforts, and even the memory of the pavilion in Brussels (the fair closes on October 19) will vanish.

Unfortunately, the men guiding our country now, those who are responsible for the U.S. pavilion, do not believe this. But these leaders are already dead; they have only to be toppled over.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

do it again with the Reds. Clark is back with it now in a year-end report of his stewardship just mailed out to his constituents. After finding considerably more to praise in the record of the 85th Congress than was apparent to his own organization, the A.D.A., he identifies as the major deficiency the failure to appropriate nearly enough for "defense." If we permit the Soviets "superiority" (a fatuous concept in a period of beyond-saturation stockpiles), "we will not be in a position to protest Communist aggression anywhere," etc. Clark does not analyze the sources of Soviet power; he tends to see Russians under our beds; his tone is unmistakably strident.

Unfortunately, this is the liberal line in Pennsylvania. When Mayor Richardson Dilworth, Clark's long-time cohort and front-runner for this year's gubernatorial nomination, suggested before the primaries that we should recognize Peking, he was written off the ticket next day by Boss Dave Lawrence of Pittsburgh, who then took the nomination himself. What few inept utterances he has permitted himself on global affairs indicate that Governor Leader, though admirably welfare-minded, will add to this "liberal" cacophony in the Congress if he wins his Senate race.

Well, in fairness both to Clark and your correspondent, I should add that he was graduated from the 85th Congress *summa cum laude* on the report card of the AFL-CIO professors — all domestic subjects except one. But for those of your readers who may believe that promotion of the arms race might render domestic issues somewhat academic, I feel this addendum to my original report on Senator Clark should be inserted in the record.

DAVID WESLEY

York, Pennsylvania

Organized Protest?

Dear Sirs: Why not organize mass meetings all over the country in protest against our stupid China policy?

If this could be arranged, I would do my best in Arizona to cooperate.

RENZ L. JENNINGS
Judge, Superior Court,
Maricopa County

Phoenix, Arizona

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Naked and the Clad

SELECTED POEMS, 1928-1958. By Stanley Kunitz. Little, Brown and Co. 116 pp. $3.75.

A LAUGHTER IN THE MIND. By Irving Layton. Jonathan Williams (Highlands, N. C.). 54 pp. $1.75.

A CONEY ISLAND OF THE MIND. By Lawrence Ferlinghetti. New Directions. 92 pp. $1.

M. L. Rosenthal

STANLEY KUNITZ has a rich lyrical style; sometimes, a redundancy of it. Rock-faults of feeling, however, thrust their way up through the smooth surface; and, as he confesses, he looses "a gang of personal devils" and makes them "clank their jigging bones as public evils." The devils are brought to heel formally — Kunitz does not let them run away with his poems — but they are in evidence: the oppressions of love and marriage turned awry, the pain of one generation's inability to communicate with the other (a pain compounded in immigrant families), the private impact of war and race-terrorism, and the ever-present letch for "*Mobility* — and damn the cost!" The one translation in this volume is of the preface to *Les Fleurs du Mal.* It might well stand as epigraph, for though the heavy Baudelairean sense of secular damnation and all-pervasive ennui does not altogether dominate Kunitz's work it has marked it indelibly. An instance among many is the infinitely sad "Father and Son," with its account of the dreaming speaker's terrible plea for a reconciliation that will heal the break of years, while the imago of the old Jewish father, unresponsive, strides relentlessly toward a swamp at whose edge he at last turns to the son "the white ignorant hollow of his face."

Kunitz belongs to a group of distinguished American poets whose devoted craftsmanship is conventional but not rigidly so. He can, if he chooses, write in "free" forms:

> The dialogue of lovers,
> And the conversation of two worms
> In the beam of a house,
> Their mouths filled with sawdust.

For Kunitz, though, the traditional forms liberate more than they confine. Thus, by slight modulations within and away from blank verse in "Father and Son" and "Reflection by a Mailbox," he gets the emotional freedom he needs while retaining the great advantages of a recognizable line that need not be wearyingly "regular."

> . . . . the hunters of man-skins
> in the warrens of Europe,
> The impossible creatures of an
> hysteriac's dream
> Advancing with hatchets sunk
> into their skulls
> To rip the god out of the machine.

The jacket quotes Robert Lowell as calling Kunitz's work "savage," and Theodore Roethke as calling it the product of "a bold dramatic imagination." The attributions are truer of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Roethke than of the poet they are praising. One does not see Mr. Kunitz, as one does them, as stung by the fury of his vision and pushing against the limits of form despite the dizzying risks that lie outside. With all its passion, his writing is more rationally contained and oriented than theirs. They see him, rightly, as a kindred sensibility and therefore have read themselves into him; but there is another side to Kunitz, a world of restraint which is enormously expressive. A poem like "The Waltzer in the House" is almost entirely of that world in its lightness and dry toughness and elegance. It sings of "a sweet, a delicate white mouse . . . among the crackers and the cheese."

> O the swaying of his legs!
> O the bobbing of his head!
> The lady, beautiful and kind,
> The blue-eyed mistress, lately wed,
> Has almost laughed away her wits
> To see the pretty mouse that sits
> On his tiny pink behind
> And swaying, bobbing, begs. . . .
>
> As in a dream, as in a trance,
> She loves his rhythmic elegance,
> She loves to see his bobbing dance.

The poem has the sunny ambiguities of Chaucer's description of the Prioress. It is gaily what it is, and also it is "about" the relations of the sexes. A good deal of poetry about sex has come to us lately — a kind of priapic politicalizing in chant-form: endlessly reiterated sloganizing to the effect that if everyone stripped and jumped into bed with everyone else of the opposite sex the resulting melee would be the millennium. A poem like this one allows us to make our own departures from what it offers. It is wry, sly, bawdy, and — who knows? —even bitter. Yet it is clean-lined and luminous in its own way, as so much fine poetry has always been, and unpretentiously holds its many kinds of meaning as it were innocently within its depths. In a recent poem, "The Class Will Come to Order," Kunitz sums up the case for restraint and silence:

> Decorum is a face the brave can wear
> In their desire to be invisible and so
> To hear a music not prescribed,
> a tendril-tune
> That climbs the porches of the ear. . . .

AND ON THE OTHER HAND, the Canadian poet Irving Layton sounds a barbaric yawp and very nearly gets away with it. The interest of his work lies in its myopically observant acidity, its considered nastiness. It is doubtful that he would understand Kunitz's meaning of decorum as "a face the brave can wear." Mr. Layton pretends to a proud scorn ("Nietzsche and Marx," he has written, "have been my teachers; and I worship D. H. Lawrence") for those who do not share his vision. He delights in the models of Lenin's heroic contempt for the "chatterer" Kautsky, of Pound spitting at his critics and annotators, of Joyce and Rimbaud and Crane —

> fanatics without remorse whose pen
> scraped their own and their age's pus —

mocking "the distinguished & amiable men of letters." But Layton presumes too much. God knows one can sympathize with his resentment against the various kinds of superciliousness he must have run up against in his career, but this game of haughty contumely — no matter who plays it — is really one form that such superciliousness takes. Joyce was rude to Yeats, Lawrence to Pound, Harriet Monroe to Crane, and many a sibling to his rival any morning. Proving? Only that the spitting and snarling of the "great" are generally more interesting than those of "lesser" figures. One had better be a Lenin or a Pound or a Lawrence first if one wants credit (such as it's worth) for spitting in the faces of one's fellow-men.

Layton's insistence on advance certification of his right to revile would be more suitable for a novitiate bohemian than for an artist of forty-six. It is of a piece with his constant, self-flattering assumption of the satyr's mask (though

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one must admit he relishes the mask so well it almost fits him):

When breathing hard spring arrived
My face stared down at you lecherous
And like a famished goat. . . .

or

At my approach
the ladies, unsubtle and ugly,
rush their adolescent daughters
upstairs. . . .

Even in these passages, which breathe so vividly the speaker's desire to be what he says he is, we feel a certain malice for its own sake, an unworthy urge to assert power and give pain: in Layton's own phrase, "the passionate will to hurt." That will reveals itself throughout the book; perhaps it is what the poet's "Nietzscheanism" really amounts to. In "Cain" he tells of shooting a frog, and of how he "couldn't help sneer" at the way it looked in death, and of how the sight built up in him an urge to kill "anything with the stir of life in it." Here, as in "Cat Dying in Autumn," there is a marriage of the morbid and the sentimental. The two moods, of course, go notoriously together in the superman-dream. Pieces like these two ostensibly take their cues from Lawrence, but the Laurentian trauma at the ruthlessness of things is something different from Layton's self-intoxication with it.

As I have suggested, it is his struggle to bring a not-quite-related malice out into the open that makes this writer interesting. There is a whole movement of this sort in the air, a movement of disgust and, inevitably, self-loathing, that values hot feeling above wisdom, form, or even syntax and has the authority of its own conviction. Sexual exhibitionism is one manifestation; the mere mention of the sex organs is felt to be a splendid triumph. And this desire to wound the self and others: It is startling to see how often Layton refers to castration.

No wonder, one might say, that one of these poems, "On the Jones Biography of Sigmund Freud," is devoted to an attack on the assumptions of psychoanalysis! And yet, out of these compulsions and rejections come some pure notes of suffering at the awareness of life gone sour that are comparable in effect if not in finish to those of Mr. Kunitz. And there are sharp moments of perception and comparison amid the careless posturing. And wit. A clear case of "the poet in spite of himself."

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI is certainly one of those advocates of universal nakedness, etc., I have alluded to, but he differs from most of the others in his high-flying joyousness of spirit and in his stylistic sophistication. He knows he is not the first man to take a peek at Darien and he has learned some useful things, and gladly, from various European and American experimenters. The religion of sex-and-anarchy, like other religions and creeds, starts off with certain simplicities but does not require its communicants to reiterate them monotonously and mechanically. Ferlinghetti can preach a little tiresomely; he proves he can in the seven "Oral Messages," written "specifically for jazz accompaniment," in which he tries to rival the worst of Ginsberg, Corso, et al. He doesn't quite succeed, for he is too bright and literate and many of his wisecracks and sideswipes are worth hearing, but finally he does become dull. The "great audiences" Whitman called for are not the improvised audiences of night clubs who must have their poetry ranting and obvious if they are to "get" anything at all.

Apart from the "Oral Messages," however, and from a few other preachy pieces, Ferlinghetti is a deft, rapid-paced, whirling performer. He has a wonderful eye for meaning in the commonplace, as in the lovely, sensual snapshot of a woman hanging clothes on a San Francisco rooftop, or in the memory of a New York candy store where

Jellybeans glowed in the semi-gloom
of that september afternoon
A cat upon the counter moved among
the licorice sticks
and tootsie rolls
and Oh Boy Gum

He has a fine imaginative eye, too, as the bawdy description of a contest with "the widder Fogliani" painting mustaches on the statues in the Borghese gardens shows. Even better — far better, because here he conquers his almost indomitable over-whimsicality — is the contrasting picture of laborers putting up a statue of Saint Francis ("no birds sang" despite the presence of a priest, reporters, and many onlookers) while, unnoticed in the crowd, there passes to and fro

a very tall and very purely naked
young virgin
with very long and very straight
straw hair
and wearing only a very small
bird's nest
in a very existential place. . . .

These quotations will indicate Ferlinghetti's obvious debt to the stanzaic and rhythmic technique of William Carlos Williams and the other "modernist" masters, and his equally obvious independence of idiom. I have mentioned his whimsy and his tendentiousness—I think they are related to his failure as yet to find a really adequate form for the intellectual and idiomatic range of which he gives such encouraging glimpses. There are poems in this volume (for instance, "The wounded wilderness of Morris Graves" and "In Paris in a loud dark winter") which demand something more than the light music into which Ferlinghetti's characteristic line virtually forces him. The nakedness-symbolism is another kind of strait jacket. "Take it off!"— or even *"Vive la différence!"*— is a fine old war-cry. But Ferlinghetti is far too gifted to let himself be mesmerized by it, or by his somewhat too-easy mastery of one kind of metrical pyrotechnics.

Ideals for the Theatre

LIES LIKE TRUTH. By Harold Clurman. The Macmillan Co. 300 pp. $6.

MASK OR FACE. Reflections in an Actor's Mirror. By Michael Redgrave. Theatre Arts Books. 188 pp. $3.75.

IMMORTAL SHADOWS. By Stark Young. Hill and Wang. 270 pp. $1.65.

John Gassner

THERE are times when a reviewer is tempted to say that the theatre would be well well off if it could rise to the level of the books being written about it. The three books under review pursue perspectives of dramatic art that our opportunistic commercial stage rarely seeks and our idealistic non-commercial stage rarely attains. Each author, however, can only remind us how much more difficult it is to create satisfactory theatre, a synthesis of many elements and arts, than to talk about it.

Harold Clurman's *Lies Like Truth* deals most directly with the nature of the synthesis. It is inevitably his major concern as a director, and since he combines idealism with knowledge and executive ability, he writes with authority.

JOHN GASSNER, Sterling Professor of Playwriting at Yale University, is the author of Form and Idea in Modern Theatre, The Theatre in Our Times, *among many books and articles on stage theory and practice.*

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He usually penetrates more deeply into a play and a production than most of us; he finds the core of potential or actual reality. He also requires more truth and more unity of vision than we are accustomed to expect from the makeshift stage of commerce and cliché. Clurman is perhaps the most reliable director in the American theatre and one of its few useful critics for one and the same reason: a play must *mean* something to him as well as *be,* for he refuses to dissociate sensibility from understanding.

Criticism based on such an operative principle is difficult to write, especially piecemeal, and Clurman is not the person to sacrifice the truth of an inquiry or observation for a quip, a flourish, or an elegant paragraph. *Lies Like Truth,* a collection of occasional writings from 1947 to 1957, is no masterpiece of belle-lettristic style, but it is a wonderfully rich book; if this or that individual essay can strike us as rather skimpy, the book as a whole cannot. A nimble mind is at work throughout the volume and a talent for sharp individual statement punctuates many of the observations. They fall just short of the epigrammatic and therefore cannot be easily extracted for quotation, but the gist of a number of these may well be remembered for a long time. I believe I shall remember his declaring that if Shylock is corrupt with hate, the Venetian playfellows are "corrupt in the thoughtlessness of their hedonism"; that "better a hestitant Shakespeare that is heard than a confident one that is blustered or blurred"; that "every character, besides having an ideal identity in the scheme of the play, has a real identity through the actor who embodies him"; that "Acting is not primarily related to words at all," and that "There is no such thing as a play without scenery. A bare stage is a setting; whatever is seen by an audience is part of the effect of the whole."

THE essays in *Mask or Face* express the views of an extremely intelligent actor. They supplement Clurman's views, which they also generally support. Although Michael Redgrave deplores the excesses of American disciples of the Stanislavsky Method (as does Clurman), he subscribes to Stanislavskian principles in general. He differs with Clurman only in rejecting the usefulness of "the Method" for playing Shakespearean roles. It is characteristic of an English actor that his most considered thinking should arise from a concern with Shakespeare. The most substantial chapter in *Mask or Face* is entitled "Shakespeare and the Actors," in which Mr. Redgrave discounts both psychology and philosophy as elements of any importance in the plays.

BY ITS very nature as an actor's testament, *Mask or Face* possesses a smaller range than *Lies Like Truth,* and to compare the two books would be unfair to Mr. Redgrave. *Lies Like Truth* invites comparison rather with Stark Young's *Immortal Shadows* published a decade ago and now made available in an inexpensive edition by the enterprising publishers of "Dramabooks." And this comparison could be somewhat unfair to Clurman, who is only a part-time critic whereas Stark Young was a full-time one from 1921 to 1947. His selected critical essays are as noteworthy for their style as for their content; they revive memories of many famous productions, and they abound in just and provocative observations. Mr. Young has never been excelled by any writer using the English language in all matters that concern aesthetic detail, whether in the play, the acting, or the production. His remarkable sensibility was invariably sustained by an enviable knowledge of literature and the arts. This is one of the very few collections of dramatic criticism by a single writer that cannot lose its freshness for anyone close to the theatre. In instances when my judgment has differed radically from Mr. Young's, I have found myself almost persuaded out of my opinion, so ably does he advance his argument, as in his disturbingly acute criticism of the 1946 "Old Vic" Laurence Olivier production of *Oedipus Rex* which he was apparently alone in disapproving. Where some degree of political or "social" thought would be in order, however, it may be advisable to look elsewhere, and especially to Clurman's criticism, as a comparison of their respective reviews of Anouilh's *Antigone* would show. "There is something about this play *Antigone* as it stands that invites power and intensity of tone but defeats the same," writes Mr. Young, but it is Mr. Clurman who tells us what it is —namely, the political ambivalence that tends to justify Creon and make an hysteric of Antigone in a work staged during the Nazi occupation of Paris. It is in judgments of taste and sensibility that Stark Young remains unrivaled.

The Rented Garden

We Sunday strode — I in leather,
My kids in red — through pure October.
We smelled a country gone bright
From decay, but I went to delight
In such burning
until we stood
In our garden across Lyme Road,
A rectangle hired at minor cost
To grow our greens on. I saw: cornstalks
Rattled white against blue, the squash vine
Had sprawled down in softness, and slime
Cracked from bleached tomato skins. Just thus
Our richness went, by three quick frosts.
The youngsters sang along the packed earth.
I listened. As if for some birth
The fool crickets whirred for this cloudless
Relic of summer. Deaf and dauntless,
My girl ran to a bonfire the wind
Had readied gaily, at the end
Of the garden. My boy followed; he
Ran right through the blighted broccoli.

BINK NOLL

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Government

THE durability of political problems is suggested by three new paperbacks. The most general, deriving from a classic liberalism, is *Reflections on Government* by Ernest Barker (Oxford-Galaxy, $2.50). It was completed just after the Second World War began and it treats only European governments, but its observations on nationalism, syndicalism and individualism as competing forms of liberty, its suspicions of legislative absolutism, its insistence on modifying and expanding equality and fraternity, its repeated emphasis on

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respect for the liberty of others have lost no relevance.

Political Ideas of the American Revolution by Randolph G. Adams (Barnes and Noble, $1.25; cloth. $3.75) is a standard historical and theoretical study of fundamental issues between Britain and the American colonies, 1765-1775. Professor Merrill Jensen's substantial commentary for this edition relates Adams' material to earlier British developments and to twentieth-century problems of federalism.

Great Issues in American History, a documentary record edited by Richard Hofstadter (Vol. I, 1765-1865; Vol. II, 1864-1957, Vintage, $1.25 ea.) is a new collection extremely well conceived. More than 175 documents, each with a pointed headnote, are grouped in fourteen parts. General introductions to the parts and the headnotes make this a consecutive history in documents, not merely a collection. Good indexes.

Drama

The English Dramatic Critics, James Agate, editor (Hill and Wang Dramabooks, $1.45; cloth, $3.95), samples theatre reviews, chiefly, from Richard Flecknoe in the Restoration to the early 1930s. Most items grow directly from specific performances, and the liveliness of first impressions gives the book charm and vitality.

Hill and Wang has so greatly improved the readability of the old Mermaid series that the exceedingly fine print in *The English Dramatic Critics* is disappointing. The original edition was a large octavo; this has been photographically reduced to a pocket-size duodecimo, impossible to read over a long sitting. Valuable as the tall duodecimo is for pocket books, it is dangerous when combined with photo-offset, as even Knopf has found with some Vintage books. Paperbacks and pocket books are no longer the same thing, and more publishers would do well to reconsider formats originally adopted to attract commuters and casual drug store or supermarket customers.

The Drama of Luigi Pirandello by Domenico Vittorini (Dover, $1.98) contains careful though sometimes wordy analyses of all Pirandello's plays and a useful but uncritically worshipful introduction.

Shakespeare: A Survey by E. K. Chambers (Dramabooks, $1.45) brilliantly employs a great store of scholarship to provide popular introductions to all the plays.

Texts of plays: *Four Plays* by Jean Giraudoux, adapted and with an introduction by Maurice Valency (Dramabooks, $1.75), includes *Ondine, The Enchanted, The Madwoman of Chaillot* and *The Appollo of Bellac. The Brute and Other Farces* by Anton Chekhov, new versions by Eric Bentley and Theodore Hoffman (Evergreen, $1.45; cloth, $3.50), includes an "Apologia" by Mr. Bentley on farce and Chekhov's success in farce. *Amédée, The New Tenant, Victims of Duty* by Eugène Ionesco, translated by Donald Watson (Evergreen, $1.75; cloth, $3.50). *The Balcony* by Jean Genet, translated by Bernard Frechtman (Evergreen, $1.75; cloth, $3.50).

Miscellaneous

The Dwarf by Pär Lagerkvist (Hill and Wang, $1.25) and *Barabbas* (Modern Library, 95c) are the novels by which American readers know the 1951 Nobel Prize-winner in literature. *Barabbas* tells the later life of the prisoner released in preference to Christ and ends on a detail of uncertain meaning. *The Dwarf*, with an Italian Renaissance setting and also unclear, is compared to Swift's work, but this is unfair. Gulliver not only helps convey Swift's ideas; he also comes alive. Though the point is often overlooked, he develops more than any character in the English novel before Jane Austen. Compared to him, the dwarf is a fruitless complication. The book fails to generalize satisfactorily on the struggle against evil, particularly within the individual, and it fails to bring life to a time and place.

The Praise of Folly by Desiderius Erasmus (Ann Arbor, $1.35) returns to print John Wilson's translation (1668) of one of the great satires, much of it against the Church, from the Renaissance humanist's point of view.

Literary Reviews and Essays by Henry James on American, English and French literature, Albert Mordell, editor (Evergreen, $2.45), collects sixty-two periodical reviews chiefly from the 1870s when James was shaping his techniques and his reputation. Largely from *The Nation* and *North American Review*.

Great Operas by Ernest Newman (2 vols., Vintage, $1.25 ea.) sketches the early history of thirty operas in the current repertory and analyzes the story and music of each with numerous musical quotations. (From *Seventeen Famous Operas* and *More Stories of Famous Operas*.)

Brave New World by Aldous Huxley (35c), *The Complete Short Stories* of Mark Twain (75c), *Four Great Comedies of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century* (50c) and *The Idiot* by Fyodor Dostoevsky (75c) inaugurate Bantam Classics. (*Ape and Essence*, Huxley's companion piece to *Brave New World*, appeared in Bantam's regular series last month.) *The Country Wife*, Wycherley's comedy of cuckoldry which has seemed too daring for most general collections, is the least common of the four plays in that volume. Mark Twain's tall tales and rather frequent petulance grow stale in a collection of sixty pieces. But the series is well produced and welcome.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S: *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by William Shakespeare, Louis B. Wright and Virginia A. LaMar, editors (Pocket Library Folger Shakespeare, 35c); *The Oedipus Plays of Sophocles*, translated by Paul Roche (Mentor, 75c); *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* by Tennessee Williams (Signet, 35c); *On the Road* by Jack Kerouac (Signet, 50c); *Great Russian Short Stories*, Norris Houghton, editor (Dell, 50); *A Parent's Guide to Children's Reading* by Nancy Larrick (Pocket Books, 35c).

LETTER from TOKYO

Donald Richie

WHEN THE Anti-prostitution law went into effect last spring, most Japanese thought that it would become a dead letter in a matter of weeks. A number of equally unpopular laws have already become just that. Besides, having been legal in Japan for centuries, prostitution was not just an art or a trade; it was an industry. One might as well, many thought, try to dismantle the steel plants, or the big entertainment combines.

Furthermore, prostitutes played a rather important, if unacknowledged, role in Japanese society. Their quarters were

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where, for a time at least, men could forget the trials and humiliations of the average day. The young bloods could let off steam in lively Shinjuku; family men could visit the more pretentious Yoshiwara; and laborers could find inexpensive relaxation at Hatonomachi. And this was usually done with the tacit understanding of the wife or mother. It was a part of the man's world, like business conferences and all-night mah-jongg sessions; the woman's place was in the home. Since even now, most Japanese women marry for security and family—not for love—they did not feel their position threatened. A few wives actually encouraged visits to the nice clean girls—for they were clean—and few indeed complained.

The other side of life in the gay quarters, however, was not so pleasant. The girls all had to come from some place and even now the police are still busily checking into cases of peasants who knowingly sold their daughters. Too, many and gruesome were the tales of fresh country girls beginning a new life in the metropolis. They would step off the train at the capital and instantly find themselves befriended by kindly older gentlemen who would, under cover of the most transparent of false pretenses, install them in the houses of ill-fame. The girls scarcely ever ran away. Shame is a major social force in Japan.

Also, the floating world was becoming rather overpopulated. In addition to the girls, there were pimps and picture-sellers and the people who put on private shows. And, as a natural result of this overpopulation, those involved became more and more obstreperous in their efforts to attract customers. Visiting missionaries were accosted in broad daylight and visiting businessmen would find pimps in the lobbies of the best hotels. Editorials were written, groups of "liberated women" paraded, city fathers lectured, and finally the government did something about it. The Diet passed a law which had been turned down many times before, and the war against prostitution was on.

IT IS a very real war. The police find it almost impossible to enforce the law because the girls and the brothel-keepers find it almost impossible to comply—even if they want to. There was half a year of grace between the law's passage and its application, but it takes more than six months to dismantle a social edifice that has been adding wings and third-story garrets since the seventeenth century.

In Tokyo alone more than a thousand brothel-operators were known and registered, and each owned from one to several establishments, each employing five to twenty girls. Thus, at the most conservative estimate, five thousand girls were suddenly jobless in a city where finding a job is of the utmost difficulty.

The Metropolitan Police Department's Prostitution Control Headquarters, anxious to know what was happening, took time off from its periodic raids and recently released some facts and figures which would seem to indicate that the war against the prostitutes is just beginning. Out of a small sample (4,000 girls formerly employed by 130 Tokyo houses) it was found that about one-third, or 1,486, have returned to their various homes in the country. Of these, 733 got married and another 264 found "decent employment." A fortunate few, about forty in all, had saved their money and were able to set up small legitimate businesses. And what about the other 2,000? They are the reason why the police are so busy making raids.

Most of the girls have been forced onto the streets. This is bad for a number of reasons. One is that now no adequate medical check can be made. Yet another, perhaps even worse from the patrons' point of view, is that inflation has set in and the fee has almost quadrupled. Before the law was enforced, girls were available at about $4 the night, or $2.50 on an hourly basis. Now, however, the price is up to $20 for an overnight stay. The penalties if they get caught are high, too. The minimum is six months or a fine up to $30; the maximum is seven years and the whopping (for Japan) fine of $850.

Yet, there is not much else the girls can do. In addition, there is much injured feeling and loss of face because the geisha has gone scot-free. She, too—contrary to polite foreign opinion—is a prostitute, and is morally just as culpable. The only difference is that she is ever so much more expensive and usually acknowledges only one patron (not customer, thank you) at a time; she is a courtesan rather than a prostitute.

Some of the more enterprising girls in Atami ("the Miami Beach of Japan") saw this as a way out of their difficulties. The local geisha guild was forced to lower its already sagging standards, with the result that any girl able to do one classical dance and sing one classical song was automatically a geisha. Then the Atami prostitutes got busy and many were the scenes of solid young people from the farms, whose nearest approximation to culture was Elvis Presley, going through muscular imitations of the lithe geisha dances, or learning by husky rote the vocal intricacies of eighteenth-century love ballads—perspiring the while and tripping over ceremonial kimonos.

AT THE same time—and for the first time in Japan—there have entered those accoutrements to illegal prostitution so familiar to the West. Taxi drivers, formerly used merely for transportation, are now regarded as valuable sources of information; the Japanese call them "pimps on wheels." The underworld has stepped in. When prostitution was legal there was little or no contact between prostitutes and gangsters; in fact, the former were on the side of the police. Now, however, the girls are no longer protected by law and the gang-boys are having a blackmail heyday. Even the old badger-game, long known in the West

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but until now unheard of in Japan, has arrived. This is the one where a knock comes and the police enter. Girl is taken away weeping and the man, terrified, pays the policeman to be let free. The police are, of course, fake and the girl is only taken to the next room and the next victim.

The Japanese male has been deprived of one of his few sources of relaxation and, though as a rule almost terrifyingly law-abiding, will openly grumble from time to time, interspersing complaint with hopes that in due course all this law enforcement will be forgotten.

That doesn't seem too likely. The new law had powerful backing—it needed it to get past the Diet. In addition it is publicly supported, if privately derided. There are various citizens committees for the Prevention of Prostitution and the Parents-Teachers Association has sponsored a nation-wide "Three Point Charter for the Purity of Fathers." The future seems as dismal as the formerly gay quarters themselves.

Once ablaze with neon and fluorescent, filled with smiling faces and mysterious allure behind the gently waving curtains, the licensed quarters have now become ghost towns. In fabulous Yoshiwara not a light is seen; it is a pool of blackness beside the gaudy amusement district of Asakusa which it once easily eclipsed. In the north of Shinjuku, row after row of gaily painted buildings stare empty-eyed at dark streets now littered with the refuse of a city. Even jolly Hatonomachi, the "City of Pigeons," is desolate; last week's newspapers scuttle along the lonely pavements and hungry dogs sit in the deserted doorways.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

STANLEY KRAMER produces in *The Defiant Ones* the lowest common denominator of the race problem. His idea is that if you chain a Negro and a white man together and set the dogs upon them, they will learn the advantages of cooperation and may very well end up in an embrace of respect and affection.

A prison truck, transporting convicts on a rainy night, is overturned. One pair of the chained men—played by Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier—escapes from the wreck, plunges into the sheltering swamp, and begins an agonizing endurance race against the traps of the terrain and the hounds of the posse that is certain to follow. This is the movie chase in pure and elegant form; it is also a handsome apparatus for social symbolism: one man standing on the other's shoulders; one dragging the other from the maelstrom; one tending the other's infected wrist (lest he face delirium at the other end of the chain). Similarly, one sees the futility of two men tearing at each other's flesh when they are shackled to the same future. Toward the end of the picture, the handcuffs are cut off, but by then the Negro and the white are joined by a chain of association and mutual obligation that neither can break. They are, you might say, gloriously united in failure.

I guess that ending is consistent with the characters as described (big lonely boys beneath the toughness), but I would not argue with anyone who held that it was dictated by the goodness of Mr. Kramer's heart. Mr. Kramer's heart interferes with the action at several points, and though these lucky accidents are traditional in a chase picture, they do cloud the allegory. The whites and the blacks of the South have been chained together for a good many years, and they have not grown notably sweet toward each other because of the confinement. I can think of several other ways the picture might have worked out—they are a good deal more plausible, though not nearly as pretty.

It is easy to commend Mr. Kramer for the skill with which he uses popular melodrama to elucidate a social problem, but his oversimplification may give people the notion that prejudice is just a big, unhappy misunderstanding and that it can be solved by a little effort at a common goal. Prejudice is a tougher root than that, and sentimentality is a poor weapon in a good cause.

What can be said for *The Defiant Ones* is that, on its surface, it is first-rate excitement; the acting is strong and simple, the scenery (except for a foolishly phony turpentine camp) is harrowing and well-photographed, the tension builds as it should in one of these nerve-stretching exercises. I wish only that Mr. Kramer would stay clear of the world's infamy—he has a great love of violence but no stomach at all for evil.

THE INDIAN *Pather Panchali* (Song of the Road), which has won as many international awards as Mumm's champagne, is a picture of great visual beauty and quite as great narrative deliberation. The reviews are full of the pastel adjectives—sensitive, lyric, delicate, etc.—and the movie earns them. Since the days of the expressionist art film, I haven't seen a movie that so underlined its own beauty. It even works with the old shots—the lily pads, the drops of rain making rings in the still water, the wind blowing ghost shadows across the reeds.

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yearning over the faces (admittedly very beautiful) of the performers, slows the action to the stalling point. Almost every shot starts from immobility and the essence of poetry is repetition. It will be protested that the funereal pace suits the mood of the picture and I agree. Misery it is, unrelieved and unresisted misery. The story is the kind in which a strapping girl of sixteen, having been caught in a sudden rain squall, takes to her bed and dies of pneumonia; the kind in which every pathetic flutter of gaiety or promise is slapped to the wall by the flat hand of disaster. It gets so you wince when anyone smiles. The rice has given out, the walls are falling in, feckless father is off somewhere chasing the illusion of a job and the rich landlady greets the woebegone family with sneers, ironic requests for payment and accusations of petty theft. I don't belittle such sorrows, or doubt that they are as prevalent in India as anywhere on earth; I recognize that the picture is filled with tender and accurate insights that make the heart weep. But you do not have a play —and the sympathy you feel is maudlin indulgence—unless someone fights back. And no one in *Pather Panchali* raises a hand except the subsidiary character of a wonderful old crone, who has the head of an unfledged turkey buzzard and who schemes for what is left of her life with the relentless greed of senility. All the rest seem doomed by definition.

At the end, the picture takes a curious turn. The father, hitherto paralyzed by delusions of talent, returns at last and is transformed into a masterful man by the spectacle of his ruined family. He immediately sets in motion plans for moving to a large city that will give scope to his abilities, he organizes the departure with speed and efficiency, he courteously rebuffs the village elders who call to complain that he is removing his family, long honored in the community, without consulting them. All this I assume to be Indian irony, and I may have missed other examples of this somewhat ambiguous seasoning.

What I did grasp seemed to be overassertive as to photography and underdeveloped as to drama—it was all exquisitely downhill.

THE PHRASE "Based On" is one of the most useful in the movie business. It means that the makers of a film have borrowed the title, the public reputation and the over-all design of plot and character from some successful novel or play, but that they have changed details, implications, moral evaluations and conclusions to suit the producer's notion of what his censor will accept or his audience buy. It announces, in short, a willingness to ride on another man's talent, but disclaims any responsibility for respecting the vehicle.

By screen standards, then, the film "based" on *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* is uncommonly good. The characters are full-bodied and arresting; the entanglements that perplex them are absorbing; the cast — notably Paul Newman, Elizabeth Taylor, Burl Ives and Judith Anderson — is strong and resourceful, and Richard Brooks, the director (also co-adapter with James Poe), has worked with such commanding purpose that there is not, I think, a vacant gesture in the work.

Much of this excellence is directly attributable to Tennessee Williams. He is unsurpassed among modern theatre technicians, and that is why the movies like to "base" themselves on his plays. Gelding a horse is not the same thing as shooting it in the head — you will still have a damn fine horse, and a more tractable one at that. The screen *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* is still a damn fine play, and much safer to have around than that savage, embarrassing, anguished production Elia Kazan showed on Broadway a few seasons ago.

Instead of being rancid with evil, the *Cat* has become melodramatic with tension; instead of being hot and dark, it sparkles with cool sunshine; instead of ending in exhausted irony, it fades out in an embrace of love fulfilled. The taint of homosexuality has been wiped from this now-civilized fable. In its place we are shown what happens to a boy when his father, intent on making several millions, neglects the little fears and triumphs of childhood. In a word, juvenile delinquency begins in the home.

And can be cured by a timely pat on the head. Big Daddy, manfully withstanding the spasms of cancer, explains to foolish, drunken Brick that he has loved him all the time. That's all that was needed, a good talk between father and son. Now Brick, whisky forgotten, old fears and hates surmounted, with Maggie the Cat, faithful and loving by his side, will carry on the great plantation built by his great and lovable dad.

I enjoyed the picture. My sympathies were engaged, and the memory of Elizabeth Taylor begging for kisses will beguile my lonely hours for some time. The gastric guilt and loathing of Tennessee Williams disturbs and repels me because I feel that it is auto-induced and in the end uncommunicable to others. But he is a deeply committed and profoundly original playwright and his work is stamped with a vision of man that is his creative gift to our era. This movie is a psychological tear-jerker.

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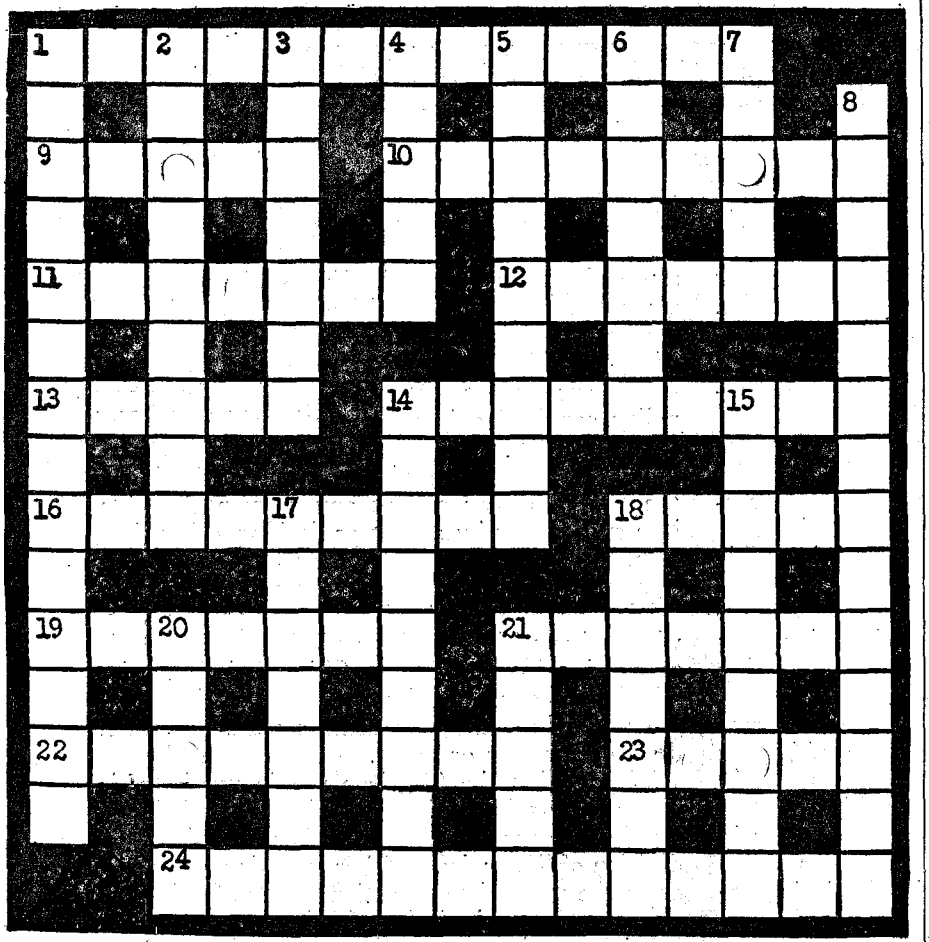
Crossword Puzzle No. 789

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The Washington *Post* has more than one! (7, 6)
9 All ready to act at the beginning? (5)
10 Exhorted—nothing more—but hardly accepted. (9)
11 One is likely to have a crooked joint. (7)
12 More of a racket, evidently. (7)
13 Was the lady from here a victim of consumption? (5)
14 Are they only fabricated achromatically? (5, 4)
16 In theory, was this original? (9)
18 Personally, this might be grand, but not uniformly speaking. (5)
19 What Bo-Peep's following did shouldn't be a welcome comment. (3, 4)
21 No place for one, even! (4-3)
22 Do some of them spend their time chasing gold? (9)
23 Make-up for after noon? (5)
24 They might contain advance information on how to start an escape movement. (5, 8)

DOWN:

1 Cape and point of sinister implication. (5, 3, 6)
2 Punch should find him a witness, implied Twain. (9)
3 His tales might not bear the stamp of approval. (7)
4 The composer of the Yale "Harlequin" show. (5)
5 What a stretcher might be used for. (9)
6 In turn, it provides some potentially shocking material. (7)
7 They come to the surface from the heart of the earth. (5)
8 Without even an "I'll be darned"? (14)
14 Working dwarfs, no doubt. (9)
15 No better among them! (9)
17 Press time? (4, 3)
18 Might an "ism" be so badly constructed? (7)
20 A runner might, on the fly. (3, 2)
21 Opening which proves one of our articles is a foreign one? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 788

ACROSS: 9 Impound; 10 Opulent; 11 Ketch; 12 Log; 13 Digit; 14 Suspend; 16 Dwindle; 18 and 26 Rounded off; 21 and 5 Prepaid Postage; 28 Abridge; 29 Innings; 30 Dehisce; 31 Spouses.
DOWN: 1 and 1 across Thick as thieves; 2 Impetus; 3 Vouch; 4 Saddled; 5 Pronged; 6 and 26 Sound Off; 7 Avenged; 8 Entitle; 15 End; 17, 24 and 27 Ice cream cones; 18 Richard; 19 Unearth; 20 Diocese; 21 Puffins; 22 Awnings; 23 Desists; 25 Midas; 27 Canto.

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CALL CONGRESS AT ONCE, MR. PRESIDENT!

MR. PRESIDENT:

The United States now finds itself in a position in which it can at any moment be committed to an utterly insane and disastrous war by a single rash act on the part of either faction in a Chinese civil conflict.

We consider this an intolerable situation.

Without arguing the merits or defects of our past bipartisan policy with respect to the Nationalist-Communist struggle in China, we point out two facts:

1. Our policy has been and is at variance with that of our major anti-Communist allies and inconsistent with both government and popular opinion in practically all of the important uncommitted nations.

2. Our policy has remained static and inflexible throughout a decade in which profound changes have taken place and during which China—ten years ago a weak, strife-torn and impoverished nation—has emerged into a highly organized state comprising one-quarter of the world's population.

We profoundly regret that this change has come about under a ruthless Communist dictatorship, but our regret cannot alter the facts.

We emphasize that the radically modified circumstances have brought about no change whatever in a policy based upon the contention that the exiled Nationalist regime at Taipei is still the legitimate government of China and upon the hope of its restoration to power on the mainland.

We point out further that Chiang Kai-shek, to whom we are at present committed, rejects any and all settlements which would neutralize either the offshore islands or Taiwan itself; and that our commitment to support his position renders it impossible for us to come to any sort of peaceable settlement with the Chinese People's Republic.

It seems evident that a continuation of our present policy can lead only to a war in which the United States will have few if any effective allies, or to the indefinite protraction of a state of affairs in which the United States can at any moment be plunged into such a war by an act or decision other than its own. We are not persuaded that there is no alternative to this policy except "appeasement" or surrender.

We therefore feel justified in demanding that the whole of our China policy and all questions incident to our involvement in the Chinese civil conflict be laid before our elected representatives in the Congress, in whom the Constitution vests the power to decide upon war or peace.

We feel that the American people owe it to themselves and to humanity to decide upon their course by the democratic process, rather than leaving the decision of life or death either to their own Executive or to the unpredictable actions of one faction or another in a quarrel within a foreign country.

We urgently request that you call the Congress into immediate session.

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